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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Nobody and Somebody

Date of the first known edition, ... *c.* 1592

(*B.M.* C. *34*, b. *36.*)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Nobody and Somebody

[*c.* 1592.]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

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A.260341

Nobody and Somebody.

c. 1592.

This play is reproduced from an original now in the British Museum; the only other known copy is at Bridgewater House. The B.M. copy is entered in general catalogue as "[London, 1606*]."*

"Nobody and Somebody" was probably written in 1592, *but, according to Mr. Simpson, was evidently revised, perhaps re-written, when it was revived in the time of King James (see "School of Shakespeare").*

"Nobody and Somebody" is of especial interest chiefly because—

(1) *That it is in the German collection of English plays (published in* 1620*) played by Shakespeare's company in Germany (about* 1600, *as Herr Cohn supposes);* (2) *That the allusion in the "Tempest" to "the picture of Nobody" has reference to it; and* (3) *That the character of Lord Sycophant, contained therein, is supposed to be a stinging satire on Essex's (Shakespeare's hero and patron) great enemy, Lord Cobham.*

*Comparing this facsimile with the original Mr. Herbert reports the reproduction as "very good indeed." B*3 *recto, C*3 *recto, E*2 *recto, H*2 *recto and H*3 *verso are a shade (or thought) too heavy. On the other hand A*2 *verso and F*2 *recto are especially good examples, like most of the pages, showing the stained originals without exaggeration. The woodcuts on title and back pages are likewise earmarked as "very good indeed." In original the portrait on title-page has had the sleeves and stockings coloured with a wash of yellow, and the tunic and cap with a greyish-green.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

NO-BODY,

AND

SOME-BODY.

With the true Chronicle Historie of Elydure,

who was fortunately three seuerall times crowned King of England.

The true Coppy thereof, as it hath beene acted by the Queens Maiesties Seruants.

Printed for Iohn Trundle and are to be sold at his shop in Barbican, at the signe of No-body.

The Prologue.

A ſubiect, of no ſubiect, we preſent,
for No-body, is Nothing:
Who of nothing can ſomething make?
It is a worke beyond the power of wit,
And yet inuention is ripe:
A morrall meaning you muſt then expect,
grounded on leſſer then a ſhadowes ſhadow:
Promiſing nothing wher there wants a toong;
And deeds as few, be done by No-bodie:
Yet ſomething, out of nothing, we will ſhew,
To gaine your loues, to whome our ſelues we
owe.

BRITISH MUSEUM

NO-BODY, AND SOME-BODY.

Enter Cornewell and Martianus.

Corn. MY Lord *Martianus*,
Mar. My Lord of *Cornwell*.
Corn. Morrow.
Mar. Morrow,
Corn. You are sad my Lord.
Mar. You melancholy.
Corne. So,
The state it selfe mournes in a robe of Wo.
Mar, For the decease of *Archigalloes* vertues,
I vnderstand you Noble minded *Cornwell*,
What generous spirit drawes this *Brittish* ayre,
But droops at *Archigalloes* gouernement.
corn. And reason *Martianus*, When the Sunne
Struggles to be deliuered from the wombe
Of an obscure Eclipse, doth not the earth
Mourne to behold his shine envelloped,
O *Corbonon* when I did close thine eyes,
I gaue release to *Britaines* miseries.

Enter Elydure.

Mar. Good morrow to Prince *Elydure*.
Elid. The same to you, and you, you are sad my Lordes,
your harts I thinke are frosty, for your blood
Seemes crystled in your faces, like the dew
In a September morne, how fares the king,
Haue you yet bid good morrow to his highnes.
Corn. The kings not stirring yet.

Enter Vigenius and Peridure.

Perid Yonders old Cornwell, come *Vigenius*,
Weele haue some sport with him.

Vig. Brother content.
Perid. Good morrow to you brother *Elydure.*
Cornwel. God morrow to *Cornwell.*
Vig. Morrow old gray-beard.
Corn. My beards not so gray as your wits greene.
Vig. And why so.
Perid. We shall ha you come out now with some reason that was borne in my great grandsires time.
Corn. Would you would proue as honest princes as your great graundsire was, or halfe so wise as your elder brother was, theres a Couple of you, Sfoote I am ashamed you should be of the blood royall.
Perid. And why father vvinter.
Corn. You doe not knovv your state, theres *Elydure*
Your elder brother next vnto the King,
He plies his booke, vvhen shall you see him trace
Lasciuious *Archigallo* through the streets,
And fight with common hacksters hand to hand,
To wrest from them their goods and dignityes.
Perid. You are to saucy *Cornwell.*
Vig. Bridle your spirit.
Elyd. Your words are dangerous, good honest subiect
Old reuerent states-man, faithful seruitor,
Doe not traduce the King, hees vertuous
Or say he tread somewhat besides the line
Of vertuous gouernment, his regality
Brookes not taxation, kings greatest royalties
Are that their subiects must aplaud their deedes,
As well as beare them their prerogatiues.
Are murall interponents twixt the world,
And their proceedings.
Corn. Well, well, I haue serued foure kings,
And none of all those foure but would haue ventured
Their safeties on old *Cornwels* constancy,
But thats all one, now I am cald a dotard,
Go to, though now my limbes be starke and stiffe,
When *Cornwels* dead Brittayne I know will want

So

So ſtrong a prop, Alaſſe I needs muſt weepe,
And ſhed teares in abundance, when I thinke
How *Archigallo* wrongs his gouernment.
Vig. Nay, now youle fall into your techy humor.

Enter Lord Sicophant.

Sicoph. My Lords, Princes I ſhould haue ſaid, and after Lords, I am the Vſher and Harbinger vnto the kings moſt Excellent perſon and his Maieſty.
Vig. Is fourth comming.
Sicoph. Or comming fourth, hard by or at hand, will you Put your geſtures of attendaunce on, to giue his Maieſtie the *Bon-ioure.*

Enter Archigallo and two Lords. Morgan Malgo.

All. Good morrow to our ſoueraigne *Archigallo.*
Arch. Mortow.
Corn. Why do you frowne vpon your ſeruants king,
We loue you, and you ought to fauor vs:
Will you to Counſel. Heeres petitions,
Complaints and controuerſies twixt your ſubiects,
Appealing all to you.
Arch. Lets ſee thoſe papers. A controuerſie betwixt the Lord *Morgan* and the Lord *Malgo*, concerning their Tytles to the Southerne Iſland. We know this cauſe and what their titles be. You claime it by inheritance.
Morg. My liege I do.
Arch. You by the marriage of Lord *Morgans* mother,
To whom it was left ioynture.
Malgo. True gratious Soueraigne.
Arch. Whoſe euidence is ſtrongeſt, to which part
Inclines the cenſures of our learned Iudges.
Morgan. We come not heer to plead before your grace,
But humblie to intreat your Maieſtie,
Peruſe our euidence and cenſure it,
According to your wiſedome.

Arch.

Arch. What I determine then youle yeeld vnto.
Both. We will my Soueraigne.
Arch. Then that Southerne Ile
we take to our protection, and make you
Lord gouernor thereof.
Scoph. I humblie thanke your highnesse.
Mal. I hope your Maiesty.
Arch. Replie not, I but take it to my selfe
Because I would not haue dissention
betwixt two peeres, I loue to see you friends,
And now the Islands mine, your quarrell ends.
Whats next. A poore Nothern mans humble petition.
Which is the plaintiue?

Enter clowne, Wench, and Rafe.

Rafe. I if it please your Maiestie I was betrothed to this maid.
Arch. Is this true my Wench.
Wench. Tis verie true and like your maiestie, but this tempting fellow after that, most felloniously stole my hart awaie fro me, caried it into the church, and I running after him to get my hart againe, was there married to this other man.
clown. Tis verie true and like your maiesty, though *Raphe* were once tooke for a proppet man, yet when I came in place it appeared otherwise: if your highnesse note his leg and mine, there is ods, and for a foot, I dare compare, I haue a wast to, and though I say it, that shoulde not saye it there are faces in place of Gods making.
Arch. Thou art a proper fellow, and this wench is thine by lawfull martiage.
clown. *Rafe* you haue your answer, you may be gon, your onely way to saue charges, is to buy a halpenniwoorth of Hob-nailes for your shooes: Alasse you might haue looked into this before, go silly *Rafe* go, away, vanish.
Arch. Is not this Lasse a pretty Neat browne Wench?
Scoph. She is my liege, and mettell I dare warrant.

Arch.

Arch. Fellow, how long haſt thou been married?

Clown. I was as they ſay coupled the ſame day that my country man Raphe begunne the law: for to tell your Maieſtie the truth, we are yet both virgins, it did neuer freeſe betwixt vs two in a bed I aſſure your grace.

Arch. Didſt neuer lie with thy wife?

Clown. Neuer yet, but nowe your Maieſtie hath ended the matter Ile be ſo bold as take poſſeſsion.

Arch. Harke my wench, wilt leaue theſe ruſticke fellowes & ſtay with me?

Wench. What will your highnes doe with me?

Arch. Why Ile make thee a Lady.

Wench. And ſhall I goe in fine clothes like a Lady.

Arch. Thou ſhalt.

Wench. Ile be a Lady then, thats flat, ſweet heart farewell, I muſt be a Lady, ſo I muſt.

Clow. How now, how now, but heare you Sis.

Wench. Away you Clowne, away.

Clown. But will your highnes rob me of my ſpouſe.

Arch. What we will, we will, away with thoſe ſlaues.

Clown. Zounds, if euer I take you in Yorkſhire for this.

Sicoph. Away you ſlaues.

Corn. My Lord, theſe generall wrongs will draw your highneſſe into the common hatred of your ſubiects.

Arch. Whats that to thee, old doting Lord forbeare.
Whats heere? complaints againſt one *Nobody*,
For ouermuch releeuing of the poore,
Helping diſtreſſed priſoners, entertayning
Extrauagants and vagabonds, what fellowes this?

Corn. My liedge I know him, he's an honeſt ſubiect
That hates extortion, vſury, and ſuch ſinnes
As are too common in this Land of Brittaine.

Arch. Ile haue none ſuch as he within my kingdome,
Hee ſhall be baniſht.

Sicoph. Heare my aduiſe my liedge: I know a fellow

Thats opposite to *Nobody* in all thinges:
As he affects the poore, this other hates them,
Loues vsurie and extortion. Send him straight
Into the Country, and vpon my life,
Ere many monthes he will deuise some meanes
To make that *Nobody* bankrout, make him flie
His Country, and be neuer heard of more.

Arch. VVhat doost thou call his name:

Sicoph. His name is *Sombody* my liedge.

Arch. Seeke out that *Sombody*, wele send him straight;
VVhat other matters stay to be decided
Determine you, and you, the rest may follow
To giue attendance. *Exeunt all but the Lords.*

Manent Cornwell and Martianus.

Mart. Alls nought already, yet these vnripe ills
Haue not their full growth, and their next degree
Must needes be worse then nought, and by what name
Doe you call that?

Cornw. I know none bad enough:
Base, vild, notorious, vgly-monstrous, slauish,
Intollerable, abhorred, damnable;
Tis worse then bad; Ile be no longer vassaile
To such a tirannous rule, nor accessarie
To the base sufferance of such out-rages.

Mart. Youle not indure it, how can you remedie
A mayme so dangerous and incurable?

Corn. There is a way; but walls haue eares and eyes,
Your eare my Lord, and counsell.

Mart. I haue eares
Open to such discourse, and counsell apt:
And to the full recouery of these wounds
Made in the sicke state, most effectuall,
A word in priuate.

Enter

Enter Peridure and Vigenius.

Perid. Come brother, I am tyrde with reuelling,
My last Caranta made me almost breathlesse,
Doth not the Kings last wench foote it with art?
Vige. Oh rarely, rarely, and beyond opinion.
I like this state where all are Libertines
But by ambitions pleasure and large will:
See, see, two of our strict liu'd Counsellors
In secret conference; they cannot indure
This freedome.
Perid. Not the rule of *Archigallo*,
Because tis subiect to his libertie.
Are they not plotting now for some installement
And change of state: old gallants if you be
Twill cost your heads.
Vige. Bodies and all for me.
List them, such strict reprooues should not liue,
Their austere censures on their kings to giue.
Corn. He must be then deposd.
Perid. Ey, are you there, that word sounds treason.
Vig. Nay, but farther heare.
Mart. The King deposd, how must it be effected,
What strengths and powers can sodenly be leuied,
VVho will assist this busines, to reduce
The state to better forme and gouernment?
Vig. Ey mary, more of that.
Corn. All Cornwells at my becke, Deuonshire our neighbour
Is one with vs, you in the North commaund.
The oppressed, wrongd, deiected and suppreſt,
Will flocke on all sides to this innovation:
The Clergie late despisd, the Nobles scornd,
The Commons trode on, and the Law contemnd,
Will lend a mutuall and combyned power
Vnto this happie change.

Peri. Oh monſtrous treaſon!
Mart. My Lord, we are betraide, and ouer-heard
By the two princes.
Corn. How, betraide.
Mart. Our plots diſcouered.
Corn. Ile helpe it all; doe you but ſooth me vp,
Wele catch them in the trap they lay for vs.
Mart. Ile doot.
Corn. Now ſir, the king depoſd
Who ſhall ſucceede?
Mart. Some would ſay *Elidure.*
Corn. Tuſh, he's too milde to rule.
But there are two young princes, hopefull youths
And of rare expectation in the Land,
Oh would they daigne to beare this weightie charge
Betwixt them, and ſupport the regall ſcepter
With ioynt aſsiſtance, all our hopes were full.
Vig. A Scepter.
Perid. And a Crowne.
Mart. What if we made the motion? we haue wills
To effect it, we haue power to compaſſe it.
Vig. And if I make refuſall, heauen refuſe me.
Perid. Theſe Counſellors are wiſe, and ſee in vs
More vertue then we in our ſelues diſcerne.
Would it were come to ſuch election.
Corn. My honord Lord, wele breake it to thoſe princes,
Thoſe hopefull youths, at our conuenient leaſure.
Mart. With all my hart.
Corn. You that our footſteps watcht,
Shall in the depth of your owne wiles be catcht. *Exeunt.*
Vig. A King.
Perid. And were a crowne, a crowne imperiall.
Vig. And ſit in ſtate.
Perid. Commaund.
Vig. And be obeyed.

Perid. Our Nobles kneeling.
Vig. Seruants homaging, and crying *Aue.*
Perid. Oh brother, shall we through nice folly
Despise the profferd bountie of these Lords?
Vig. Not for the world, I long to sit in state,
To purse the bountie of our gracious fate.
Perid. To entertaine forreine Embassadors.
Vig. And haue our names ranckt in the course of kings.
Perid. Shadow vs State with thy maiesticke wings.

Enter King, Cornwell, Martianus, and Elidure.

Vige. Now sir, my brother *Archigall* deposde
Corn. Deposd! did you heare that my Lord.
Vig. For his licensious rule, and such abuses
As wele pretend gainst him in parliament.
Arch. Oh monstrous brothers.
Elidu. Oh ambitious youthes.
Vig. Thus wele deuide the Land, all beyond Trent
And Humber, shall suffise one moitie:
The southpart of the Land shall make the tother,
Where we will keepe two Courts, and raigne deuided,
Yet as deere louing brothers.
Arch. As vild traitors.
Perid. Then *Archigall*, thou that hast sat in pompe
And seene me vassaile, shalt behold me crownd,
Whilst thou with humble knees vaisst to my state.
Arch. And when must this be doone, when shall my crowne
Be parted and deuided into halfes.
You raigne on this side Humber, you beyond
The riuer Trent, when doe you take your states,
Sit crownd and scepterd to receiue our homage,
Our dutie, and our humble vassalage.
Perid. I know not when.

Arch. Nor you?
Vige. Nor I.
Arch But I know when you shall repent your pride:
Nor will we vse delayes in our reuenge,
Ambitious boyes, we doome you prisonment,
Your Pallace royall shall a Iaile be made,
Your thrones a dungeon, and your scepters Irons,
In which wele bound your proude aspiring thoughts:
Away with them, we will not mount our chayre
Till their best hopes be changd to blacke despaire.
Perid. Heare vs excuse our selues.
Vige Or lets discouer
Who d ew vs to this hope of soueraignrie.
Arch. That shall our further leysures arbitrate,
Our eares are deafe to all excusiue pleas,
Come vnambitious brother *Eldurus*,
Helpe vs to laiish our abundant treasures,
In masks, sports, reuells, riots, and strange pleasures. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sombody with two or three seruaunts.

Somb. But is it true the fame of *Nobody*,
For vertue, almes-deedes, and for charitie,
Is so renownd and famous in the Country?
Seru. Oh Lord sir ey, hes talkt of farre and neere,
Fills all the boundlesse country with aplause,
There liues not in all Britaine one so spoke of,
For pittie, good mind, and true charitie.
Somb. Which *Sombody* shall alter ert be long.
Seru. You may my Lord beeing in grace at Court,
And the high fauours of King *Archigallo*
Exile this petty fellow from the Land,
That so obscures the beautie of your deedes.
Sombod. VVhat doth this *Nobody*?
Seru. You shall heare my Lord,

Come

Come twentie poore men to his gate at once,
Nobody giues them mony, meate and drinke,
If they be naked, clothes, then come poore souldiers,
Sick, maymd, and shot, from any forraine warres,
Nobody takes them in, prouides them harbor,
Maintaines their ruind fortunes at his charge,
He giues to orphants, and for widdowes buildes
Almes-houses, Spittles, and large Hospitals,
And when it comes in question, who is apt
For such good deedes, tis answerd *Nobody*.
Now *Nobodie* hath entertaind againe
Long banisht Hospitalitie, and at his boord
A hundred lustie yeomen daily waites,
Whose long backs bend with weightie chynes of biefe,
And choise of cheere, whose fragments at his gate
Suffice the generall poore of the whole shire.
Nobodies table's free for trauellers,
His buttry and his seller ope to all
That starue with drought, or thirst vpon the way,
Somb. His fame is great, how should we helpe it?
Seru. My Lord, tis past my reach, tis you must doe it,
Or't must be left vndone.
Somb. What deedes of note is he els famous for?
Seru. My Lord Ile tell you.
His Barnes are full, and when the Cormorants
And welthy Farmers hoord vp all the graine,
He empties all his Garners to the poore
Vnder the stretcht prise that the Market yeelds,
Nobody racks no rents, doth not oppresse
His tenants with extortions. When the King
Knighted the lustie gallants of the Land,
Nobody then made daintie to be knighted,
And indeede kept him in his knowne estate.
Somb. The slaues ambitious, and his life I hate.
Seru. How shall we bring his name in publick scandall?

Somb.

Sombo. Thus it ſhall be, vſe my direction.
In Court and country I am *Sombody*,
And therefore apt and fit to be employed:
Goe thou in ſecrete beeing a ſubtile knaue,
And ſowe ſeditious ſlaunders through the Land,
Oppreſſe the poore, ſuppreſſe the fatherleſſe,
Deny the widdowes foode, the ſtaru'd releeſe,
And when the wretches ſhall complaine their wrongs,
Beeing cald in queſtion, ſweare twas *Nobody*,
Racke rents, raiſe priſes,
Buy vp the beſt and choiſe commodities
At the beſt hand, then keepe them till their priſes
Be lifted to their height, and double rate,
And when the raiſers of this dearth are ſought
Though *Sombody* doe this, proteſt and ſweare
Twas *Nobody* fore Iudge and Magiſtrate:
Bring ſcandalls on the rich, raiſe mutinous lyes
Vpon the ſtate, and rumors in the Court,
Backbite and ſow diſſention amongſt freends,
Quarrels mongſt neighbors, & debate mongſt ſtrangers,
Set man and wife at ods, kindred at ſtrife,
And when it comes in queſtiou, to cleere vs,
Let euery one proteſt and ſweare for one,
And ſo the blame will fall on *Nobody*.
About it then, if theſe things well ſucceede,
You ſhall preuaile, and we applaude your ſpeede.

Enter Nobody and the Clowne.

See where he comes, I will withdraw and ſee,
The euent and fortunes of our laſt pollicie.

Nobod. Come on myne owne ſeruaunt, ſome newes, ſome newes, what report haue I in the country? how am I talkt on in the Citty, and what fame beare I in the Court?

Clowne. Oh Maiſter you are halfe hangd.

Nobod. Hangd, why man?

Clowne. Because you haue an ill name: a man had as good almost serue no Maister as serue you, I was carried afore the Constable but yesterday, and they tooke mee vp for a strauagant; they askt mee whom I serued, I told them *Nobody*, they presently drew mee to the post, and there gaue me the law of armes.

Nobody. The law of armes.

Clow. Ey, as much lawe as their armes were able to lay on, they tickled my Collifodium, I rid post for a quarter of an houre, with switch though not with spurre.

Nobod. Sure *Sombody* was the cause of all.

Clow. Ile be sworne of that, *Sombody* tickled me a heate, and that I felt, but Maister, why doe you goe thus out of fashion; you are euen a very hoddy doddy, all breech,

Nobod. And no body. But if my breeches had as much cloth in them, as euer was drawne betwixt Kendall and Canning street, they were scarce great enough to hold all the wrongs that I must pocket. Fie, fie, how I am slaunderd through the world.

Nobody keepes tall fellowes at his heeles,
Yet if you meete a crew of rogues and beggars,
Aske who they serue, theile aunswere *Nobody*.
Your Caualiers and swaggerers bout the towne,
That dominere in Tauerns, sweare and stare,
Vrge them vpon some termes, theile turne their malice
To me, and say theile fight with *Nobody*,
Or if they fight, and *Nobody* by chaunce
Come in to part them, I am sure to pay for it,
And *Nobody* be hurt when they scape scotfree:
And not the dastardst coward in the world
But dares about with me. What shall I doe?

Somb. Doe what thou wilt, before we end this strife,
Ile make thee tenne times weary of thy life.

Clown. But doe you heare Maister, when I haue seru'd you a yere or two, who shall pay me my wages?

Nobo. Why *Nobody*.

Clowne. Indeede if I ſerue *Nobody*, *Nobody* muſt pay me my wages, therefore Ile euen ſeeke out *Sombody* or other, to get me a newe ſeruice; but the beſt is Maiſter if you runne away, you are eaſie to be found againe.

Nobod. Why ſo ſir?

Clowne. Mary aske a deafe man whom hee heares, heele ſtraight ſay *Nobody*, aske the blindeſt beetle that is whom hee ſees, and heele aunſwere, *Nobodie*, hee that neuer ſaw in his life can ſee you, though you were as little as a moate, and hee that neuer heard, can heare you, though you treade as ſoftlie as a Mouſe, therefore I ſhall be ſure neuer to looſe you. Beſides, you haue one commoditie Maiſter, which none hath beſides you, if you ſhould loue the moſt fickle & inconſtants wench that is in the world, sheele be true to *Nobody*, therefore conſtant to you.

Nobod. And thou ſayeſt true in that my honeſt ſeruaunt,
Beſides, I am in great eſpeciall grace
With the King *Archigallo* that now raignes
In tiranny, and ſtrange miſgouerment,
Nobody loues him, and he loues *Nobody*.
But that which moſt torments my troubled ſoule,
My name is made mere oppoſite to vertue,
For he is onely held peacefull and quiet,
That quarrels, brawles, and fights with *Nobody*,
He's honeſt held that lies with *Nobodies* wife,
And he that hurts and iniures *Nobody*,
All the world ſaies, ey thats a vertuous man.
And though a man haue doone a thouſand miſchiefes,
And come to proue the forfeit made to law,
If he can proue he hath wrong'd *Nobody*,
No man can touch his life. This makes me mad,
This makes me leaue the place where I was bred,
And thouſand times a day to wiſh me dead.

Somb. And Ile purſue thee where ſo ere thou flieſt,
Nor ſhalt thou reſt in England till thou dieſt.

Clowne.

Clowne. Maiſter, I would wiſh you to leaue the Country, and ſee what good entertainement you wil haue in the Cittie, I do not think but there you will be moſt kindly reſpected, I haue been there in my youth, there's Hoſpitalitie, & you talke of Hoſpitalitie, and they talke of you bomination to ſee: for there Maiſter come to them as often as you will, foure times a day, and theyle make *Nobody* drinke, they loue to haue *Nobody* trouble them, and without good ſecuritie they will lend *Nobody* mony. Come into Birchin Lane, theyle giue *Nobody* a ſute, chuſe where hee liſt; goe into Cheapeſide, and *Nobody* may take vp as much plate as he can carrie.

Nobod. Then Ile to London, for the Country tires me
With exclamations, and with open wrongs,
Sith in the Cittie they affect me ſo.

Clowne. O Maiſter, there I am ſure *Nobody* may haue anie thing without mony, *Nobody* may come out of the Tauerne without paying his reckoning at his pleaſure.

Enter a man meeting his wife.

Nobody. Thats better then the Country. Who comes heere?

Man Minion, where haue you been all this night?

Wife VVhy doe you aske husband?

Man Becauſe I would know wife.

Wife. I haue beene with *Nobody*.

Nobod. Tis a lie good man, beleeue her not, ſhee was not with mee.

Man And who hath layne with you to night?

Wife Lye with mee, why *Nobody*.

Nobod. Oh monſtrous, they would make me a whore-maiſter.

Man Well, I doe not thinke but *Sombody* hath been with you.

Sombo. *Sombody* was indeed.

Wife. Gods life husband, you doe me wrong, I lay with *Nobody*.

Man. Well minion, though *Nobody* beare the blame,
Vſe it no more, leaſt *Sombody* bide the ſhame.

Nobod. I will endure no longer in this Clymate

It is so full of flaunders, Ile to the Cittie,
And there performe the deedes of charitie.

Enter the 2 man and a prentice.

2 *Man.* Now you rascall, who haue you beene withall at the ale-(house?

Prent. Sooth I was with *Nobody.*

Nobod. Not with me.

2 *Man.* And who was drunke there with you?

Prent. Sooth *Nobody* was drunke with me.

Nobod. O intollerable! they would make me a drunkard to,
I cannot indure any longer, I must hence,
No patience with such scandals can dispence.

2 *Man.* Well sirra, if I take you so againe, Ile so belabour you:
O neighbour good morrow.

1 *Man.* Good morrow,

2 *Man* You are sad me thinkes,

1 *Man* Faith sir I haue cause, I haue lent a friend of mine a hundred pounde, and haue *Nobodyes* worde for the payment, bill, nor bond, nor any thing to shew.

2 *Man.* Haue you *Nobodies* worde, Ile assure you that *Nobodie* is a good man, a good man I assure you neighbor, *Nobodie* will keepe his worde, *Nobodies* worde is as good as his bond.

1 *Man* Ey, say you so, nay then lets drinke downe sorrow,
If none would lend, then *Nobody* should borrow.

Nobody Yet there's one keepes a good tongue in his head,
That can giue *Nobody* a good report,
I am beholding to him for his praise:
But since my man so much commends the Cittie,
Ile thether, and to purchase me a name,
Take a large house of infinite receipt,
There keepe a table for all good spirits,
And all the chimneyes shall cast smoake at once:
There Ile giue schollers pensions, Poets gold,
Arts their deserts, Philosophy due praise,

Lear-

Learning his merrit, and all worth his meede.
There Ile releaſe poore priſoners from their dungeons,
Pay Creditors the debts of other men,
And get my ſelfe a name mongſt Cittizens,
That after times pertakers of all bliſſe,
May thus record, *Nobody* did all this.
Country farewell, whoſe ſlaunderous tongues I flie,
The Cittie now ſhall lift my name on hie.
Sombody Whether Ile follow thee with Swallowes wings,
And nimble expedition, there to raiſe
New brawles and rumors to eclipſe thy praiſe.
Thoſe ſubtile, ſlie inſinuating fellowes
Whom *Sombody* hath ſent into the country,
To rack, tranſport, extort, and to oppreſſe,
VVill I call home, and all their wits employ
Againſt this publique Benefactor, knowne
Honeſt, for all the rumors by vs ſowne.
But howſoeuer, I am ſworne his foe,
And oppoſite to all his meriting deedes,
This way muſt doe, though my deuining thoughts
This augurie amidſts their changes haue,
That *Sombody* will at length be proou'd a knaue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene, Sicophant, and Lady Elidure ſeuerallie.

Sicoph. Good day to you both faire Ladies,
But faireſt of them both my gratious Queene,
Good day to your high Maieſtie, and madam
The royall Lady of great *Elidure*,
My Soueraignes brother, vnto you I wiſh
This morning proone as gracious and as good.
Queene Thoſe greetings from the Lady *Elidure*
VVould pleaſingly ſound in our princely eares.
Lady Such greetings from great *Archigallos* queene

VVould be more gratious to our princely eare.
Queene. Why no good morrow and our grace so neere.
Reach me my gloue.
Lady. VVhom speakes this woman to?
Queene. Why to my subject, to my waiting maid,
Am not I mightie *Archigalloes* queene?
Is not my Lord the royall English King,
Thy husband and thy selfe my seruitors?
Lady Is my Coach ready, where are all my men
That should attend vpon our awfull frowne,
VVhat not one neere?
Queen. Minion, my gloue.
Sicoph. Madam, her highnes gloue.
Lady. My scarf is falne, one of you reach it vp.
Queene. You heare me.
Lady Painted Maiestie be gone,
I am not to be countercheckt by any.
Quee. Shall I beare this?
Sicoph. Be patient, I will schoole her.
Your excellence greatly forgets your selfe
To be so dutilesse vnto the Queene,
I haue seene the world, I know what tis to obey,
And to commaund. What if it please the Queene
That you her subiect should attend on her,
And take her gloue vp, is it meete that I
Should stoope for yours? You're proud, fie, fie, you're proud.
This must not be twixt such two royall sisters
As you by marriage are; goe to submit,
Her Maiestie is easie to forgiue.
Lady. Sawcie Lord forbeare, there's for your exhortation.
Queene. I cannot beare this, tis insufferable,
Ile to the King, and if he saue thy life
He shall haue mine: madnes and wrath attend,
My thoughts are leueld at a bloody end. *Exit.*
Lady. Shee's shadow,

We

We the true substance are: follow her those
That to our greatnesse dare themselues oppose.

Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.

Cornw. Helth to your Ladiship, I would say Queene
If I might haue my minde, bir lady Ladie.
Mart. I had a sute vnto the King with this Lord
For the great office of high Seneshall,
Because of our good seruice to the state,
But he in scorne, as he doth euery thing,
Hath tane it from vs both, and gin't a foole.
Morg. To a Sicophant, a courtly parasite.
Sicoph. Beare witnes Madam, Ile goe tell the King
That they speake treason.
Malgo. Passe vpon our swords,
You old exchecker of all flatterie,
I tell thee *Archigallo* shall be deposd,
And thou disroab'd of all thy dignitie.
Sicoph. I hope not so.
Cornw. See heere the Counsels hands,
Subscrib'd to *Archigallos* ouerthrow.
The names of sixteene royall English Peeres,
Ioynd in a league that is inviolate,
And nothing wants but *Elidurus* grant
To accept the kingdome when the deede is done.
Sicoph. Nay then Ile take your parts, and ioyne with you.
Mart. We will not haue a Clawbacks hand comixt
With such heroick peeres.
Sicoph. I hope my Lady
Is not of their minds. My most gratious Queene,
What I did speake in reprehensiue sort,
Was more because her Maiestie was present
Then any offence of yours, and so esteeme it,
God knowes I loue your highnes, and these Lords.

Lady

Lady VVhich of you will perſwade my *Elidure*
To take vpon him Englands royaltie.
Mart. Madam, we all haue ſo importund him,
Laying vnto his iudgement euery thing
That might attract his ſences to the crowne,
But he froſt braind will not be obtaind
To take vpon him this Realmes gouernment.
Malg. Hee is the verie ſoule of lenitie,
If euer moderation liu'd in any,
Your Lord with that rich vertue is poſſeſt.
Lady This mildnes in him makes me ſo deſpiſd
By the proude Queene, and by her fauourits.

Enter Elidure.

Cornw. See maddam where he comes reading a booke.
Lady My Lord and husband, with your leaue this booke
Is fitter for an Vniuerſitie
Then to be lookt on, and the Crowne ſo neere:
You know theſe Lords for tyrannie haue ſworne
To baniſh *Archigallo* from the throne,
And to inveſt you in the royaltie:
VVill you not thanke them, and with bounteous hands
Sprinckle their greatnes with the names of Earles,
Dukes, Marqueſſes, and other higher termes.
Elid. My deereſt loue, the eſſence of my ſoule,
And you my honord Lords, the ſute you make,
Though it be iuſt for many wrongs impoſd,
Yet vnto me it ſeemes an iniurie.
VVhat is my greatnes by my brothers fall,
But like a ſtarued body nouriſhed
With the deſtruction of the other lymbes.
Innumerable are the griefes that waite
On horded treaſures, then much more on Crownes:
The middle path, the golden meane for me,
Leaue me obedience, take you Maieſtie.

Lady

Lady. Why this is worser to my lofty minde,
Then the late checks giuen by the angry Queene.
Corn. If you refuse it, knowe we are determined
To lay it else where.
Lady. On your younger brother,
And then no doubt we shall be awde indeed,
When the ambition of the elders wife,
Can scarsly giue our patience any bounds:
England is sicke of pride and tirrany,
And in thy goodnes only to be curde.
Thou art cald foorth amongst a thousand men,
To minister this soueraigne Ancidote,
To amend thy brothers crueltie with loue,
And if thou wilt not from oppression free
Thy natiue Country, thou art vilde as he.
Elid. I had rather stay his leasure to amend.
Lady. Men, heauen, gods, deuills, what power should I invoke,
To fashion him a new: thunder come downe,
Crowne me with ruine, since not with a Crowne.
Cornw. Long life vnto the Kingly *Elidure*,
Trumpers proclaime it whether he will or no.
Lady. For that conceit Lords, you haue wonne my hart,
In his despight let him be straight waies Crownd,
That I may triumphe whilst the trumpets sound.
Elid. Carry me to my graue, not to a Throne.
Lady. Helpe Lords to seate him, nay helpe euery one:
So should the Maiestie of England sit,
Whilst we in like state doe associate him.
Elid. Neuer did any lesse desire to raigne
Then I, heauen knowes this greatnes is my paine.
Lady. Paine me in this sort great Lords euery day,
Tis sweete to rule.
Elid. Tis sweeter to obay.
Cornw. Liue King of England long and happily,
As long and happily your Highnes liue.

Lady. We thanke you Lords, now call in the depoſd,
Him and his proud Queene, bring vnto our ſight,
That in her wrongs we may haue our delight.

Enter Archigallo, and his Queene bound.

Archi. Betrayd, tane priſoner, and by thoſe that owe
To me their duty, and allegiance:
My brother the vſurper of the Crowne,
Oh this is monſtrous, moſt inſufferable.
Elid. Good brother grieue not, tis againſt my will,
That I am made a King, pray take my place,
I had rather be your ſubiect then your Lord.
Lady. So had not I, ſit ſtill my gracious Lord,
Whilſt I looke through this Tyrant with a frowne,
Minion reach vp my gloue.
Queene. Thinkſt thou becauſe
Thy husband can diſſemble piety,
And therein hath depoſd my royall Lord,
That I am leſſer in eſtate then Queene?
No thine owne anſwere lately giuen to me,
I thus reuet, ſtoope thou proud Queene for me.
Sicoph. Nay, then as I did lately to her Highnes,
I muſt admoniſh you, diected Lady
You doe forget your ſelfe, and where you are,
Duty is debt, and it is fit ſince now
You are a ſubiect, to beare humble thoughts:
Follow my counſell Lady and ſubmit,
Her Maieſtie no doubt will pardon it.
Queene. Theres for your paines.
Sicoph. Which way ſo ere I goe,
I haue it heere, whether it ebbe or flowe.
Lady. That pride of thine ſhall be thy ouerthrowe.
And thus I ſentence them.
Elid. Leaue that to me?
Lady. No you are too mild, judgment belongs to me:

Thou

Thou *Archigallo* for thy tirranie,
For euer be excluded from all rule,
And from thy life.
Elid. Not from his life I pray.
Lady. He vnto whom the greatest wrongs are done,
Dispatch him quickly.
Morg. That will I.
Maglo. Or I.
Elid. And therein Lords effect my tragedie.
Lady. Why strike you not, oh tis a dangerous thing,
To haue a liuing subiect of a King:
Much treason may be wrought, when in his death,
Our safty is secur'd.
Elid. Banish him rather, oh sweete spare his life,
He is my brother.
Archi. Crownd, and pray thy wife.
Elid. Oh brother, if you roughly speake, I knowe
There is no hope but your sure ouerthrowe,
Pray be not angry with me for my loue:
To banishment since it must needes be so,
His life I giue him whosoere saies no.
Lady. What and his Ladies too.
Elid. I hers and all.
Lady. But Ile not haue you banisht with the King,
No Minion no, since you must liue, be assur'd
Ile make thee meanest of my waiting Maides.
Queene. I scorne thy pride.
Archi. Farewell deceiuing state,
Pride making Crowne, my deerest wife farewell:
I haue beene a Tyrant, and Ile be so still. *Exit.*
Elid. Alas my brother.
Lady. Dry vp childish teares,
And to these Lords that haue inuested you,
Giue gracious lookes, and honorable deedes.
Elid. Giue them my Crowne, oh giue them all I haue,

Thy Throne I reckon but a glorious graue.
Lady. Then from my selfe these dignities receiue,
The Iland wrested from you I restore,
See it be giuen them backe Lord Sicophant.
The office of hie Seneschall bereft you,
My Lord of *Cornwell* to your grace we giue.
You *Martianus* be our Treasurer,
And if we find you faithfull, be assur'd
You shall not want preferment at our hands.
Meane time this office we impose on you,
Be Tutor to this Lady, and her pride
With your learnd principles whereof you are full
Turne to humility, or vex her soule,
Queene. Torment on torment, tutord by a foole.
Sicoph. Madam, it is her Highnes will be pleas'd.
Lady. Young *Peridurus* and *Vigenius*, Lords
Release from prison, and because your King,
Is mightely affected vnto Yorke,
Thether dismisse the Court incontinent.
Sicoph. Shall it be so my Liedge.
Lady. Are not we King.
His silence saies it, and what we ordaine,
Who dares make question of: this day for euer.
Thorough our raigne beheld a festiuall:
And tryumphe Lords that England is set free,
From a vild tyrant and his crueltie.
Elid. On to our funerall, tis no matter where,
I sinne I knowe in suffering pride so neere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nobody, and the Clowne.

Nobody. Ahem boy, Nobody is sound yet for all his troubles.
Clow. And so is Nobodies man for all his whipping, but Maister we are nowe in the Citty, wald about from slaunder, there cannot a lie come in but it must runne thorough bricke, or get the goodwill of the warders, whose browne bills looke blew vppon all

all passengers.

Nobody. O this Citty, if Nobody liue to be as old againe, be it spoken in secret, Ile haue fenst about with a wall of brasse.

Clowne. Of Nobodies making, that will be rare.

Nobody. Ile bring the Tems through the middle of it, empty Moore-ditch at my owne charge, and build vp Paules-steple without a collection. I see not what becomes of these collections.

Clowne. Why Nobody receaues them.

Nobody. I knaue?

Clowne. You knaue: or as the world goes, Somebody receiues all, and Nobody is blamd for it.

Nobody. But is it rumord so thorough out the Citty.

Clowne. Doe not you knowe that? theres not an orphants portion lost out of the Chamber, but Nobody has got it, no Corne transported without warrant, but Nobody has donne it, no goods stolne but by Nobody, no extortion without Nobody: and but that truth will come to light, fewe wenches got with child, but with Nobody.

Nobody. Nay thats by Somebody.

Clowne. I thinke Somebody had a hand in't, but Nobody sometimes paies for the nursing of it.

Nobody. Indeede I haue taken into my charge many a poore infant left to the almes of the wideworld, I haue helpt many a vertuous maide to a good husband, & nere desird her maiden-head: redeemed many Gentlemens lands, that haue thankt Nobody for it, built Pest-houses, and other places of retirement in the sicknes time for the good of the Cittie, and yet *Nobody* cannot get a good word for his labor.

Clowne. Tis a mad world Maister.

Nobody. Yet this mad world shall not make me mad, I am
All spirit, *Nobody* let them grieue,
That scrape for wealth I will the poore relieue,
Where are the Maisters of the seuerall prisons:
Within and neere adioyning to the Citty,
That I may spred my charity abroad.

Clowne. Heere they be Sir.

Enter three or foure.

Nobody. Welcome Gentlemen :
You are they that make poore men housholders
Against their wills, and yet doe them no wrong:
You haue the actions, and the cases of your sides,
Whilst your Tenants in comon, want money to fill them.
How many Gentlemen of lesse reuenewes then *Nobody*,
Lie in your Knights ward, for want of maintenance.

1 I am Sir a Keeper of the Counter, and there are in our wards aboue a hundred poore prisoners, that are like nere to come foorth without satisfaction.

Nobody. But *Nobody* will be their benefactor. What in yours.

2 As many as in the other prison.

Nobody. Theres to release them. What in yours.

3 Double the number, and in the Gayle.

Nobody. Talke not of the Gayle, tis full of limetwigs, lifts, and pickpockets.

1 Is it your pleasure Sir to free them all.

Nobody. All that lie in for debt.

2 Ten thousand pound, and ten to that will not doe it.

Nobody. *Nobody* Sir will giue a hundred thousand,
Ten hundred thousand, *Nobody* will not haue a prisoner,
Because they all shall pray for *Nobody*.

Clowne. Tis great pitty my Maister has *Nobody*, and so kind a hart.

A noise within. Follow, follow, follow.

Nobody. What outcries that?

Enter Somebody, with two or three.

Somebody. That is the gallant, apprehend him straight,
Tis he that sowes sedition in the Land,
Vnder the couler of being charitable,
When search is made for such in euery Inne,
Though I haue seene them housd, the Chamberlaine

For

For gold will anſwere there is *Nobody:*
He for all bankrouts is a common baile,
And when the execution ſhould be ſerud
Vpon the ſureties, they find *Nobody*:
In priuate houſes who ſo apt to lie,
As thoſe that haue beene taught by *Nobody*,
Seruants forgetfull of their Maiſters friends,
Being askt how many were to ſpeake with him
Whilſt he was abſent, they ſay *Nobody*,
Nobody breakes more glaſſes in a houſe,
Then all his wealth hath power to ſatisfie:
If you will free this Citty then from ſhame,
Seaſe *Nobody*, and let him beare the blame.

Conſt. Lay hold vpon him.

Nobody. What on *Nobody*, giue me my ſword, my morglay,
My friends, you that doe know how innocent I am,
Draw in my quarrell, ſuccor Nobody,
What Nobody, but Nobody remaining.

Clowne. Yes Maiſter, I Nobodies man.

Nobody. Stand to me nobly then, and ſeare them not,
Thy Maiſter Nobody, can take no wounds,
Nobody is no coward, Nobody
Dares fight withall the world.

Somb. Vpon them then.

A fight betwixt Somebody and Nobody, Nobody escapes.

What has he ſcapt vs.

Conſt. He is gone my Lord.

Somb. It ſhall be thus, now you haue ſeene his ſhape,
Let him be ſtraight imprinted to the life:
His picture ſhall be ſet on euery ſtall,
And proclamation made, that he that takes him,
Shall haue a hundred pounds of *Sombody*,
Country and Citty, I ſhall thus ſet free,

And

And haue more roome to worke my villanie. *Exeunt.*

Nobody. What are they gonne, then Citty now adew,
Since I haue taken such great iniury,
For my good life within thy gouernment:
No more will *Nobody* be charitable,
No more will *Nobody* relieue the poore,
Honor your Lord, and Maister *Somebody*,
For *Somebody* is he that wrongs you all.
Ile to the Court the changing of the ayre,
May peraduenture change my iniuries,
And if I speede no better being there,
Yet say that *Nobody* liu'd euery where. *Exit.*

Enter Archigallo.

Archi. I was a King, but now I am slaue,
How happie were I in this base estate,
If I had neuer tasted royaltie:
But the remembrance that I was a King,
Vnseasons the Content of pouertie,
I heare the hunters musicke, heere Ile lie,
To keepe me out of sight till they passe by.

Enter Morgan, and Malgo.

Morgan. The stag is hearded, come my Lord
Shall we to horse and single him againe.

Malgo. Content, the King will chase, the day is spent
And we haue kild no game, to horse, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elidure.

Elid. Hearded, goe single him, or couple straight,
He will not fall to day, what fellowes this.

Archi. I am a man.

Elid. A banisht man I thinke,
My brother *Archigallo*, ist not so.

Archi. Tis so, I am thy brother *Elidure*,

All

All that thou haſt is mine, the Crowne is mine,
Thy royaltie is mine; theſe hunting pleaſures
Thou dooſt vſurpe: ambitious *Elidure*
I was a King.

Elidu. And I may be a wretch: poore *Archigallo*,
The ſight of thee that wert my Soueraigne,
In this eſtate, drawes riuers from mine eyes.
VVill you be king againe? if they agree
Ile redeliuer all my royaltie,
Saue what a ſecond brother and a ſubiect
Keepes in an humble boſome, for I ſweare
The Crowne is yours that *Elidure* doth weare.

Arch. Then giue it me; vſe not the common ſleights,
To pittie one, and keepe away his right.
Seeſt thou theſe ragges, doe they become my perſon?
O *Elidure*, take pittie on my ſtate,
Let me not ſtill liue thus infortunate.

Elidu. Alas, if pittie could procure your good,
Inſteed of water, Ide weepe teares of blood
To expreſſe both loue and pittie: ſay deere brother
I ſhould vncrowne my ſelfe, the angry Peeres
VVill neuer let me reach the imperiall wreathe
To *Archigalloes* head. There's ancient *Cornwell*,
Stout *Martianus*, *Morgan*, and bold *Malgo*,
From whom you tooke the pleaſant Southerne Ile,
VVill neuer kneele to you: what ſhould I ſay,
Your tirannie was cauſe of your decay.

Arch. What ſhall I die then? welcome be that fate
Rather then ſtill liue in this wretched ſtate.

Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.

Corn. Yonders the King; my ſoueraigne you haue loſt
The fall of a braue ſtagge, he's dead my liedge.
VVhat fellowes this?

Elidu. Knoweſt him not Cornwell?
Corn. No my liedge not I.
Arch. I am thy King.
Elid. Tis *Archigallo* man.
Corn. Thou art no king of mine, thou art a traytor,
Thy life is forfeit by thy ſtay in Brittaine.
VVert thou not baniſht?
Elidu. Noble Cornwell ſpeake
More gently, or my piteous hart will breake,
Lord *Martianus*, *Morgan*, and the reſt,
I am a wearie of my gouernment,
And willinglie reſigne it to my brother.
Mart. Your brother was a tyrant, and my knee
Shall neuer bow to wrong and tirannie.
Elid. Yet looke vpon his miſery, his teares
Argue repentance; thinke not honourd Lords
The feare of dangers waiting on my Crowne
Makes me ſo willing to reſigne the ſame,
For I am lou'd I know, but iuſtice bids
I make a reſignation, tis his right,
My calls but vſurpation.
Corn. Elidure,
If you are wearie of your gouernment,
Wele ſet the Crowne vpon a ſtrangers head
Rather then *Archigallo.* Harke ye Lords,
Shall we make him our King we did depoſe,
So might our heads be chopt of, Ile looſe mine
Ere my poore Country ſhall endure ſuch wrongs,
As that iniurious tyrant plagues her with,
Mor. Keepe ſtill your Crowne my Liedge, happy is Brittaine
Vnder the gouernment of *Elidure.*
Arch. Let it be ſo,
Death is the happy period of all woe.
The wretch thats torne vpon the torturing wrack,
Feeles not more deuiliſh torment then my hart.

When

When I but call to minde my tirannie,
I record heauen my Lords, my brothers sight,
The pittie that he takes of my distresse,
Your loue and true allegiance vnto him,
Hath wrought in me a reconciled spirit,
I doe confesse my sinne, and freely say,
I did deserue to be deposd.

Elidu. Alas good Prince, my honorable Lords,
Be not flint-harted, pitty *Archigallo*,
I know his penitentiall words proceede
From a remorcefull spirit, Ile ingage
My life vpon his righteous gouernment.
Good *Cornwell*, gentle *Martianus*, speake,
Shall *Archigallo* be your king againe?

Arch. By heauen I not desire it.

Elidu. See my Lords,
Hee's not ambitious, as thou lou'st me *Cornwell*,
As thou didst loue our Father, let his sonne
Be righted, giue him backe the gouernment
You tooke from him.

Corn. VVhat should I say? faith I shall fall a weeping:
Therefore speake you.

Elid. Lord *Martianus* speake.

Mart. What say these Lords that haue been wrongd by him.

Elidu. *Morgan* and *Malgo*, all I haue in Brittaine
Shall be ingag'd to you, that *Archigallo*
Will neuer more oppresse you, nor impose
Wrong on the meanest subiect in the Land.

Morg. Then weele embrace his gouernment.

Elidu. Saies *Malgo* so?

Malg. I doe my Lord.

Elidu. What saies *Martianus*?

Mart. Faith as my Lord of *Cornwell*.

Corn. I say that I am sorry he was bad,
And now am glad hee's chang'd; his wickedne

We

We punisht, and his goodnes there's great reason
Should be rewarded; therefore Lords set on
To Yorke then, to his Coronation.

Elidu. Then happie *Elidurus*, happie day
That takes from me a kingdomes cares away.

Arch. And happie *Archigallo* that haue rangd
From sin, to sin, and now at last am changd,
My Lords and friends, the wrongs that you haue seene
In me, my future vertues shall redeeme.
Come gentle brother, pittie that should rest
In women most, is harbor'd in thy brest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene, Lady Elidure, and Flatterer.

Lady Come haue you done your taske, now doe you see
What tis to be so proude of Maiestie,
We must take vp your gloue, and not be thought
Worthy the name of Sister, thus you minx
Ile teach you ply your worke, and thanke me to,
This paines will be your owne another day.

Queene. Insulting, ouer-proude, ambitious woman,
Queene I disdaine to call thee, thou doost wrong
Thy brothers wife, indeede thy Kings espousd,
And mauger all thy tyrannie I sweare,
Rather then still liue thus, Ile perrishi heere.

Sicoph. You are not wise, deiected as you are
To bandie braues against her Maiestie,
You must consider you are now her subiect,
Your tongue is bounded by the awe of dutie,
Fie, fie, I needes must chide you, since I see
You are so sawcie with her soueraigntie.

Queene. Time was base spaniell thou didst fawne as much
On me, as now thou strivest to flatter her:
O God, that one borne noble should be so base,
His generous blood to scandall all his race.

Lady My Lord, if she continue these proude termes,

I giue you libertie to punish her.
Ile not maintaine my prisoner and my slaue
To raile gainst any one that honours me.

Enter Morgan and Malgo.

Morg. Health to the Queene, and happines to her
That must change states with you, and once more raigne
Queene of this Land.

Queene Speake that againe, ô I will blesse my fate,
If once more I supply my former state.

Malgo. Long may your highnes liue, your banisht Lord
Is by his brother *Elidurus* seated
Once more in Britaines throne.

Lady O I could teare my haire, base *Elidure*
To wrong himselfe, and make a slaue of me.

Queene Now minion, Ile cry quittance with your pride,
And make you stoope at our imperiall side.
But tell me *Morgan* by what accident
You met with my beloued *Archigallo?*

Morg. Euen in the woods where we did hunt the stagge,
There did the tender harted *Elidure*
Meete his distressed Brother, and so wrought
By his importunate speech with all his Peeres,
That after much deniall, yet at last
They yeelded their allegiance to your Lord,
Whom now we must acknowledge our dread King,
And you our princelie Queene.

Lady Thou Screchowle, Rauen, vglie throated slaue,
Theres for thy newes.

Queene Restraine her good my Lord.

Sicoph. Fie madam fie, fore God you are too blame
In presence of my soueraigne ladie Queene
To be thus rude, it would become you better
To shew more dutie to her Maiestie.

Lady. O monstrous, was not I thy Queene but now.

Sicoph. Yes, when your husband was my King you were.
But now the ſtreame is turnd, and the States currant,
Runnes all to *Archigallo*, blame not mee,
Wiſedome nere lou'd declined Maieſtie.

Enter Archigallo crowned, Elidure, Peridure, Vigenius, Cornwell, Martianus, and others.

Queene. VVelcome from baniſhment my louing Lord,
Your kinglie preſence wraps my ſoule to heauen.
Arch. To heauen, and my kind brother *Elidure*,
Faire Queene we owe chiefe thanks for this our greatnes,
Next them, theſe honourable Lords.
Corn. Great Queene,
Once more the tribute of our bended knees
We pay to you, and humbly kiſſe your hand.
Mart. So doth *Martianus*.
Perid. And I.
Vige. And I.
Queene. Our brothers, by how much that name exceedes
The name of Lord, ſo much the more this dutie
Deſerues requitall, thanks both, and thanks to all.
Arch. Set on there. *Exeunt all but Lady & Sicophant*
Sicoph. Madam, you are not wiſe to grieue at that
Heauen hath decreed, and the ſtate yeelded to,
No doubt her Maieſtie will vſe you well.
Lady VVell ſaieſt thou: no I looke that ſhe ſhould treble
All the diſgraces I haue layd on her.
I ſhall turne Laundreſſe now, and learne to ſtarch,
And ſet and poke, and pocket vp ſuch baſenes
As neuer princeſſe did: did you obſerue
What lookes I caſt at *Elidure* my husband?
Sicoph. Your lookes declard the paſsion of your hart,
They were all fire.

Lady

Lady. Would they had burnt his eyes out
That hath eclipſd our ſtate and Maieſtie.

Enter Queene, Morgan, and Malgo.

Queene. Bring hether the proude wife of *Elidure*,
Sicop. It ſhall be done.
Queene Our ſhoe ſtring is vntied, ſtoope minion, ſtoope.
Lady Ile rather ſtoope to death thou moone-like Queene,
New changd, and yet ſo proude: theres thoſe are made
For flexure, let them ſtoope; thus much Ile doe,
You are my Queene, tis but a debt I owe.
Queene Bring me the worke there, I will taske you to,
That by the bowre ſpin it, I charge you doe.
Lady A diſtaffe and a ſpindle, ſo indeed
I told you this, *Diana* be my ſpeede.
Morg. Yet for his Princelie worth that made you Queene
Reſpect her as the wife of *Elidure*.

Enter Cornwell.

Cornw. VVheres the Queene?
Queene What newes with *Cornwell*, why ſo ſad my Lord?
Corn. Your husband on the ſuddaine is falne ſicke.
Queene. How; ſicke.
Lady Now if it be thy will, ſweet bleſſed heauen
Take him to mercie.
Quee. Doe not heare her prayers heauen I beſeech thee.

Enter Martianus.

Mart. Madam, his highnes.
Queen. Is he aliue, or dead.
Mart. Dead madam.
Queene O my hart.
Corn. Looke to the Queene, let vs not looſe her to,
She breathes, ſtand of, where be thoſe wemen there,
Good Queene that ſhall be, lends a helping hand,

Helpe

Helpe to vnlace her.

Lady. Ile ſee her burſt firſt.

Queene Now as you loue me let no helping hand
Preſerue life in me, I had rather die
Then looſe the title of my ſoueraigntie.

Lady Take backe your Diſtaffe yet, wele ſtay our rage,
We will forbeare our ſpleene for charitie
And loue vnto the dead, till you haue hearſd
Your husbands bones, conduct her Lords away,
Our pride though eager, yet for foode ſhall ſtay.

Sicoph. Wilt pleaſe your high imperiall Maieſtie
Commaund my ſeruice, I am humbly yours.

Lady We doe commaund what we well know youle doe,
Follow the ſtronger part, and cleaue thereto. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elidure crownd, all the Lords and Ladies attendants.

Elidu. Once more our royall temples are ingirt
VVith Brittaines golden wreath, all ſeeing heauen
Witnes I not deſire this ſoueraigntie,
But ſince this kingdoms good, and your Decrees,
Haue laid this heauen loade of common care
On *Elidure*, we ſhall diſcharge the ſame
To your content, I hope, and this Lands fame:
Our brother once interd, we will not ſtay,
But then to Troynovant weele ſpeede, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Porters.

1 Porter Come fellow Porter, now the Court is heere
Our gaines will flie vpon vs like a tide,
Let vs make vſe of time, and whilſt theres plentie
Stirring in Court, ſtill labour to increaſe
The wealth which by our office we haue got.

2 Porter. Out of our large alowance we muſt ſaue
Of thouſands that paſſe by vs, and our office.

We

we will giue entertainment to No-body.

Enter No-body.

No-body. My name is *No-body*,

1. *Port.* You are welcome sir, ere you peruse the court,
Taste the kings beere, heere at the Porters lodge,
A dish of beere for maister *No-body*.

Nobody. I thanke you sir.

2. *Port.* Heere maister *No-body*, withall my hart,
A full Carouse, and welcome to our Office.

Nobo. I thanke you sir, and were your beere tems water,
Yet No-body would pledge you, to you sir.

1. *Port.* You are a stranger here, how in the Citty,
Haue you bin long in towne.

Nobo. I sir, too long, vnlesse my entertaine
Had bin more pleasing, for my life is sought,
I am a harmelesse well dispos'd plaine man,
That iniure none, yet what so ere is done
Amisse in London, is impos'd on me,
Be it lying, secret theft, or any thing
They call abuse, tis done by No-body,
I am pursued by all, and now am come,
To see what safety is within the Court
For a plaine fellow.

2. *Por.* You are welcome hether sir.
Methinkes you do looke wilde, as if you wanted sufficient
Sleepe.

Nobo. O do not blame me sir,
Being pursued I fled, comming through Poules,
There No-body kneeld downe to say his prayers,
And was deuout I wis, comming through Fleetstreet,
There at a tauern doore two swaggerers
Were fighting, being attacht, twas askt who gaue
The first occasion, twas answered *nobody*,
The guilt was laid on me, which made me fly
To the Thems side, desired a Waterman,

To row me thence away to Charing-crosse,
He askt me for his fare, I answered him
I had no money, whats your name quoth he,
I told him No-body, then he bad me welcome,
Said he would carry No-body for nothing.
From thence I went
To see the law Courts held at Westminster,
There meeting vvith a friend, I straight vvas askt
If I had any sute, I answvered, yes,
Marry I vvanted money, sir quoth he,
For you, because your name is *No-body*
I vvill sollicit law, and *no-body*
Assure your selfe, shall thriue by sutes in Lavv,
I thankt him, and so came to see the court,
Where I am very much beholding to your kindnesse.
1. *Port.* And Maister *no-body* you are very vvelcome,
Good fellow lead him to the Hall,
Will you vvalke neare the court.
nobo. I thanke you sir. *Exeunt nobody and Porters.*

Enter Some-body and a Bragart.

Som. Fie vvhat a toile it is to find out *nobody*,
I haue dogd him very close, yet he is got into the court before me.
Sir you haue sworne to fight with *nobody*,
Do you stay heere, and watch at the court gate,
And when you meet him challenge him the field,
Whilst I set Lime-twigs for him in all Offices,
If either you or I, but prosper right,
He needs must fall by policy or slight. *Exit.*
Brag: I would this roundman *nobody* would come,
I that professe much valor yet haue none,
Cannot but be too hard for *nobody*,
For what can be in *nobody*, vnlesse
He be so cald because he is al spirit,
Or say he be all spirit, wanting limbes,

How

How can this ſpirit hurt me, ſure he dies,
And by his death, my fame ſhall mount the skies.

Enter nobody.

nobody. By thy leaue my ſweet friend,
Theres for thy farewell.

Brag. Stay.

nobo. Thats but one word, let two go to the bargaine if it pleaſe you, why ſhould I ſtay.

Brag. I challenge thee.

no. I may chuſe whither ile anſwer your chalenge by your (leaue.

Bra. Ile haue thee picturd as thy picture, vnles thou anſwer (me

no. For what ſir, pray why wold you haue me printed.

Brag. For cowardice.

nobo. Methinkes your picture woulde doe better for the picture of cowardice then mine ſir, but pray whats your (will with me.

Brag. Thou haſt abuſd one *Some-body.*

nobo. So haue my betters abuſd Som-body in their time

Brag. Ile fight with thee for that.

no. Alas ſir I am *nobody* at fighting, yet thus much let mee tell you, *nobody* cannot run away, I cannot budge.

Brag. Prepare thee then, for I will ſpit thy body vppon this weapon.

nobo. nay by faith that you cannot, for I haue no bodye.

Brag. Thy bowels then.

no. They are the fairer mark a great deal, com on ſir, come on.

Brag. Haue at thy bellie.

nobo. You muſt either hit that or nothing.

Brag. Ile kill and quarter thee.

nobo. Youle hardly find my ioynts I think to quarter me; I am ſo well fed, come on ſir.

Fight nobody is downe,

Brag. now thou art at my mercie.

no. What are you the better to haue *nobody* at your mercy

Brag. Ile kill thee novv.

Nobo. I thinke youle ſooner kill me then any body,
But let me riſe againe.
Brag. No I will let *No-body* riſe.
Nobo. Why then let me ſir, I am No-body.

Enter Clowne.

Clown. How now, O fates, O heauens, is not that my M.
what ſhall I do, be valiant. and reskue my ſweet maiſter,
Auant thou Pagan, Pug, what ere thou be,
Behold I come to ſet thy priſoner free.
Brag. Fortune that giddy Goddeſſe hath turnd her wheel,
I ſhall be matcht, thus will I gore you both. Hold captains,
not *Hercules* himſelfe would fight with two, I yeeld.
Clown. Twas yoor beſt courſe, down vaſſall down, and kiſſe
My pumpe.
Brag. Tis baſe, O baſe.
Clow. Zounds, ile naile thy lips to limbo vnleſſe thou kis.
Brag. Tis done.
Nobo. Thanks honeſt ſeruant.
Clow. Zounds if I ſay ile doet, ile doet indeed.
Nobo. For this ile carry thee into the Court,
Where thou ſhalt ſee thy Maiſter No-body
Hath friends will bid him welcome, ſo farewell,
Clown. Farewell maiſter Braggart, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brag. Ile follow, I ſhall meet with Some-body,
That will reuenge, ile plot and ert be long
Ile be reuengd on No-body for this wrong. *Exit.*

Enter Vigenius Peridure and the Queene.

Queene. Your hopes are great faire brothers, and your
names, ſhall if in this you be aduiſd by vs,
Be rankt in ſcroule of all the Brittiſh kings,
Oh take vpon you this ſo weighty charge,
To great to be diſchargd by Elidure.
Vig. Deere ſiſter Q. how are we bound to you,
In neerer bonds then a fraternall league,

For

For this your royall practise to raise vs,
Vnto the height of honor and estate,
Let me no longer breath a prince on earth,
Or thinke me woorthy of your regall blood,
If we imbrace not this high motion.

Perid. Imbrace it brother, we are all on speed,
My princely thought inflam'd with Ardency
Of this imperiall state, and Scepterd rule,
My kinglie browes, itch for a stately Crowne,
This hand to beare a round Monarchall Globe,
This the bright sword of Iustice, and stern aw,
Deere sister you haue made me all on fire,
My kingly thoughts, beyond their bounds aspire.

Vig. How shall we quit your loue, when we ascend
The state of *Elydure.*

Queen. All that I craue,
Is but to make the imperious Queene my slaue,
That she that aboue Iustice now commands,
May tast new thraldome at our royall hands.

Perid. The Queene is yours, the king shalbe deposed,
And she disgraded from all Soueraignty.

Queen. That I might liue to see that happy houre,
To haue that sterne commandresse in my power.

Vig. Shees doomd alreadie, and at your dispose,
And we prepard for speedy execution,
Of any plot that may availe our pompe,
Or throne vs in the state of Brittany.

Enter Morgan and Mallgo.

Perid. Heere comes the Lords of this pretended league,
How goes our hope, speake valiant English Peeres,
Are we in way of Soueraignty, or still stand we
Subiects vnto the aw of *Elidure.*

Mor. Long liue the valiant brothers of the King,
With mutuall loue to weare the *Brittish* Crowne,

Two

Two thousand Souldiors haue I brought from Wales,
to wait vpon the princely *Perydure.*
Malg. As many of my bold confederates
Haue I drawne from the South to sweare allegiance,
to young *Vigenius.*
Vig. Do but call me king,
the charming Spheres so sweetly cannot sing.
Malg, To king *Vigenius.*
Vig. Oh but wheres our Crowne,
that make knees humble, when their soueraignes frowne.
Mal. King *Eliduras* shall his state resigne.
Perid. Say *Morgan* so, and *Britains* rule is mine.
Mor. king *Periduro* shall raigne.
Perid. And sit in state.
Mor. And thousand subiects on his glory waite.
Perid. Then they that lifts vs to the imperiall seate,
Our powers and will shall study to make great.
Vig. And thou that raifest vs, as our best friend,
Shall as we mount the like degrees ascend.
Queen. When will you giue the attempt.
Perid. Now royall sister.
Before the king haue notice of our plot,
Before the Lords that loue his gouernment,
Prepare their opposition.
Vig. Well determined,
And like a king in *Esse,* now this night,
Lets make a hostile vprore in the Court
Surprize the king, make ceazure of the Crowne,
Lay hands vpon the Counsell, least they scape
to leuy forces, those Lords
that serue the king, and with austere reproofes,
punish the hatefull vices of the Land,
Must not awe vs, they shall not raigne, we wil,
those that applaud vs, raise, despise vs, kill,
Perid. I see a kind of state appeare already
In thy maiestick brow, cal in the souldiors,

Man

Man the Court gates, barricade al the ſtreets,
Defend the waies, the lands and paſſages,
And girt the pallace with a treble wall
Of armed ſouldiors, and in dead of night,
When all the peeres ly drownd in golden ſleepe,
Sound out a ſodaine and a ſhrill Alarum,
to maze them in the midſt of horrid dreames.
Vig. The king and Crowne is ours.
Q. The Queen I claime.
Perid. It ſhal go hard, but I the ſhrew will tame,
trumpets and drums, your dreadfull clamors ſound.
Vig. Proclaime me captiue, or a king new crownd.

Alarum, they watche the doores, Enter at one doore Cornwell.

Corn. Treaſon, treaſon.
Perid. thou art mine what ere thou be.
Corn. Prince Peridure.
Perid. I Cornwell and thy king.
Corn. He diſcords taught, that taught thee to ſing.

Alarum Enter at another doore Martianus.

Mar. Who ſtops this paſſage.
Vig. *Martianus* we.
Mar. *Vigenius.*
Vig. Vnto whom thou oweſt thy knee.
Mar. My knee to none, but *Eldure* ſhall bend.
Vig. Our raign beginning hath when his lines end.

Alarum, Enter at another doore Elydure, ſtopt by the Queene.

Lady What traitrous hand dares interdict our way?
Queene. Why that dare ours, tis we command thee ſtaie.

Lady.

Lady. Are we not Queene?
Queene. Ist you, then happily met,
I haue owed you long, and now Ile pay that dept.
Lady. Vild traitresse, darest, thou lay a violent hand on vs thy Queene?
Queene. We dare commaund thee stand,
Thou wast a Queene, but now thou art a slaue.
Lady. Before such bondage, graunt me heauen a graue.

Alarum Enter Elidure.

Elidure. What seeke ye Lords? What meane these loud Alarums, in the still silence of this hunnied night?
Perid. King we seeke thee.
Vig. And more we seeke thy Crowne.
Elidure. Why Princely brothers is it not our owne,
That tis ours we plead the law of kings,
The guist of heauen, and the antiquety on earth,
Election from them both.
Vig. We plead our powers & strength, we two must raign.
Perid. We were borne to rule, and homage we disdaine.
Corn. Doe not resigne, good King.
Perid. How saucy Lord?
Corn. Ile keepe still thy Crowne.
Perid. I say that word shall cost old *Cornwels* life.
Corn. Tush this for care.
Tirants good subiects kills and traitors spare.
Vig. Wilt thou submit thy Crowne?
Mar. Dread soueraigne, no.
Vig. He hates his owne life that aduiseth so.
Mar. I hate all traitors, and had rather die,
Then see such wrong done to his soueraignty.
Queen. Giue vp thy state to these two princely youthes, and thy resigment shal preserue thy life.
Lady. Wilt thou so much wrong both thy selfe and wife?
Hast liued a king, and canst thou die a slaue,
A royal seat, doth aske a royall graue,

Though

Though thousand swords thy present safety ring,
Thou that hast bin a Monarche, dye a king.

Queen. Whether he liue or dye, thou sure shalt be no longer Queene, but Vassalle vnto me, I le make ye now my drudge.

Lady. How mynion, thine?

Queene. Thart no more Queen, thy husband must resigne.

Corn. Resigne, to whom?

Perid. I am one.

Vig. And I another.

Lady. Canst be so base to see a younger brother,
Nay two young Boyes plast in thy throne of state,
And thou their sodaine in their traines to waite,
Ile dye before I endure it.

Perid. So shall all,
that doe not prostrate to our homage fall.
Shall they not brother king?

Vig. They shall by heauen.

Mar. Come kill me first.

Corn. Nay make the number euen,
And kill me too, for I am pleasd to dye,
Rather then this indure.

Lady. The third am I.

Queene. Nay strike her first.

Perid. Rage giue my fury way.

Vig. Strike valiant brother king.

Elid. Yet heare me, stay.

Perid. Be briefe for Gods sake then,

Elidure. O heauen, that men so much should couet care,
Septers are golden baites, the outsides faire:
But he that swallowes this sweete sugred pill,
Twill make him sicke with troubles that grow stil:
Alasse you seeke to ease me being wearied
And lay my burthen on your able loines,
My vnambitious thoughts haue bin long tird,

With this great charge, and now they reſt deſird,
And ſee the kinde youths coueting my peace,
Bring me of all theſe turmoiles free releaſe.
Heere take my Crown.
Lady Wilt thou be made a ſtale,
Shall this proud Woman, and theſe boyes preuaile?
Shal I for them be made a publike ſcorne,
Oh hadſt thou buried bin, aſſoone as borne,
How happy had I bin.
Elid. Patience ſweete wife,
Thinkſt thou I praiſe my Crowne aboue thy life,
No take it Lords, it hath my trouble bin,
And for this Crowne, oh giue me backe my Queene.
Queene. Nay ſhes beſtowed on me.
Elydure. Then what you pleaſe,
Heere take my trouble, and reſigne your eaſe.
Scoph. My Lords receiue the crowne of Elydure,
Faire hopefull bloſſoms of our future peace,
Happy am I, that *I* but liue to ſee,
the Land ruld by your dubble Soueraignty.
Vig. Now let the king diſcend to be diſpoſd of
At our high pleaſure, come giue me the Crowne.
perid. Why you the Crown, good brother more then we.
vig. Weele proue it how it fits our kingly temples,
And how our brow becomes a wreath ſo faire.
perid. Shall *I* ſee you crownd, and my ſelfe ſtand bare,
Rather this wreath maieſtick let me try,
And ſit inthrond, in pompious Maieſty.
vig. And *I* attend, whilſt you aſcend the throne,
Where had we right, we ſhould ſit crownd alone.
perid. Alone, darſt thou vſurpe vpon my right.
vig. I durſt do much, had *I* but power and might,
But wanting that, come let vs raigne togither,
both kings, and yet the rich crowne worne by neither.
perid. Content, the king doth on our ſentence waite,

To

To doome him, come lets take our dubble state,
What shall he liue, or dye?
Elid. I know not how I should deserue to dye.
Lady. Yes to let two such vsurpers liue.
Sicoph. Nay *Madam*, now *I* needes must tell your grace,
You wrong these kings, forget both time and place,
It is not as it was, now you must bowe,
Vnto this dubble state ile shew you how.
Lady. Base flattring groome slauish parasite,
Vig. Shall I pronounce his sentence.
Perid. Brother doe.
Vig. Thy life we graunt thee and that Womans to,
*B*ut liue deuided you within the tower,
You prisoner to that princesse.
Lady. In her power,
Oh dubble slauery.
Perid. Conuay both hence.
Elid. My doomes seuerer then my small offence.
Queene. Come Minion, will you goe.
Lady. To death, to hel,
Rather then in thy base subiection dwell.
Vig. *Cornwell* and *Martianus* you both see,
We are possest of this imperiall seate,
And you that were sworne liedgemen to the Crowne,
Should now submit to vs that owe the same,
We know without your graue directions,
We cannot with experience guide the land,
*T*herefore weele study to deserue your loues.
Perid. Twas not ambition, or the loue of state,
that drew vs to this busnesse, but the feare,
Of *Elidiorus* weakenesse whom in zeale,
*T*o the whole land we haue deposd this day,
speake, shall we haue your loues?
corn. My lords, and Kings,
Tis bootlesse to contend gainst heauen and you,

Since without our consent the kings despoſd,
And we vnable to ſupport his fall,
Rather then the whole land ſhould ſhrinke,
You ſhall haue my aſſyſtance in the ſtate.
Mar. Cornwell and I will beare the ſelfe ſame ſtate.
Perid. We now are Kings indeede and *B*rittaine ſway,
When *Cornwell* and his brother *Vue* ſay
Vig. Receiue our grace, keepe ſtill your offyces,
Imbrace theſe peeres that raiſd vs to the throne,
Brittaine reioice, and Crowne this happy yeare,
Two ſonnes at once ſhine in thy royall ſphere.
Corn. And thats prodigious, I but waite the time
To ſee their ſodaine fall that ſwiftly clime.
Mar. My Lord much honor might you win your land
To giue releaſe vnto your ſiſter Queene,
Being a Lady in the land beloud.
Vig. You haue aduiſd vs well, it ſhall be ſo.
Corn. Shold you ſet free the Princeſſe might not ſhe
Make vprors in the land, and raiſe the Commons.
In the releaſment of the Captiue King.
Perid. Well counſeld *Cornwell*, ſhe ſhall liue in bondage.
Mar. Renowne your ſelfe by being kind to her.
Corn. Secure your ſtate by her impriſonment.
Vig. Weele haue the Queene ſet free.
Perid. Weele haue her guarded,
With ſtricter keeping and ſeuerer charge.
Mar. Will you be braued by one thats but your equall,
Hauing no more then party gouernment.
Corn. Or you be ſcorn'd by one to you inferior,
In generall eſtimation of the land.
vig. Set free the Princeſſe, ſay the king commaunds.
Perid. Keepe her in thraldome ſtill, and captiue bands.
vig. Weele not be contemmaunded.
perid. Sir nor we.
vig. Before Ile be halfe a king and contrould

In any regality, ile hazard all,
Ile be compleat or none.
Perid. Before ile ſtand,
Thus for a Cipher with my halfe command,
Ile venture all my fortunes, how now pride,
Percht on my vpperhand.
Corn. By heauen well ſpyed.
vig. Tis ours by right, and right we will inioy.
perid. Claimſt thou preheminence, com down proud boy
vig. Then lets try maiſtries, and one conquer all,
We climd at once, and we at once will fall.

They wraſtle and are parted

peri. They that loue Peridure deuide themſelues vppon their part.
Corn. That am I.
Mor. and I.
vig. They that loue vs on this ſide.
Mar. I.
Mal. And I.
vig. Then to the field, to ſet our ſiſter free.
perid. By all my hopes with herule captiue thee.
vig. Trumpets aud Drums, triumphant muſick ſing.
perid. this day a captiue, or a compleat king. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, Enter Some-body and Sicophant.

Somb. Sir you haue ſworne to manage theſe affaires,
Euen with your beſt of iudgement.
Enter Clowne.
Sicoph. I haue prouided, you will let me ſhare,
Of the Grand-benefit you get by dice,
Deceitfull Cards, and other cozening games
you bring into the Court.

C. O rare, now ſhall I find out crab, ſom notable knauery
Somb. You ſhall haue equall ſhare with *Somebody*,
Prouided, you will help to apprehend that *Nobody*,
On whom the guilt ſhall lye,
Of all thoſe cheting tricks I haue deuiſd.
C. O the fates, treaſon againſt my m. perſon, but I beleeue
Somb. wil pay fort, ile tickle your long waſt for this ifaith.
Sico. Giue me ſome bales of dice. What are theſe?
som. Thoſe are called high Fulloms.
Clo. Ile Fullom you for this.
som. Thoſe low Fulloms.
C. They may chance bring you as hie as the Gallowes.
som. Thoſe Demi-bars. (the gallows.
clow. Great reaſon you ſhovld come to the barre before
som. Thoſe bar Sizeaces.
Clo. A couple of Aſſes indeed.
som. Thoſe Briſle dice.
clo. Tis like they briſle, for I am ſure theile breed anger
ſicop. Now ſir, as you haue compaſt all the Dice,
So I for cards. Theſe for the game at maw,
All ſaving one, are Cut next vnder that,
Lay me the Ace of Harts, then cut the Cards,
O your fellow muſt needs haue it in his firſt tricke.
clow. Ile teach you a trick for this yfaith.
ſicop. theſe for Premero cut vpon the ſides,
As thr other on the ends.
clow. Marke the end of all this.
ſicop. theſe are for poſt and paire, theſe for ſaunt,
theſe for new cut.
clown. theile make you cut a fether one day,
ſico. Well, theſe diſperſt, and No-body
Attacht for all theſe crimes, ſhalbe hangd.
clow. I or els you ſhall hange for him,
ſico. Come, ſhals about our buſines.
som. Content, lets ſtraight abont it. *Exeunt*
clow. O my hart, that it was my fortune to heare all thys,
but

but beware a lucky man whilst you liue, Alasse if I had not rescued my maister, the swaggering fellowe woulde haue made No-body of him. Againe if I had not ouerheard this treason to his person, these Cunnicatching knaues, woulde haue made lesse then Nobody of him. For indeed they wold haue hangd him, but heeres my maister, O sweet maister how cheere you?

Enter No-body.

Nobo. O excellent, admirable, and beyond comparison, I thinke my shape inchants them.

clo. I think not so, for if I wer a Lady, I should neuer abide you: but Maister, I can tell you rare newes, you must be apprehended, for a Cheater, a Cozener, a Libiller, and I know not what.

Nobo. Not I, I am an innocent, no Cheater, no Cozener, but a simple honest man, hunted from place to place by *some-body.*

clo. tis true sir, it is one *som.* that would attach you, therfore Looke to your selfe, but Mai. if you be tooke neuer feare, I heard all their knauery, and I can cleare you I warrant.

Enter Some-body and officers.

Som. O haue I found you, this is he my frends,
We haue long sought, you know when twas inquird,
Who brought the false Dice, and the cheating cards
Into the court, twas answered *No-body.*

Clo. No. (qd. tha) I am affraid youle proue the knaue *som.*

som. Lay hold vpon him, beare him to the prison.

No. To prison, say you well, if I be guilty,
this fellow is my partner take him to.

som. Are you confederate in this treason sirra?

clo. If I be not sir *some-body* is, but if I be guilty I must beare
It off with head and shoulders.

som. To prison with them, now the bird is caught,

For

For whom ſo long, through *Britane* haue I ſought.

Clow. I beleeue I haue a bird in a box, ſhal catcht you for all this.

Someb. Away with them I ſay. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſeuerally Peridure, Vigenius, Cornewell, Martianus, Morgan, Malgo, with drum and Coulors.

Vig. In Armes well met, ambitious *Peridure,*

Perid. Vigenius thou ſalutes me with a title,
Moſt proper to thy ſelfe,

Vig. Art thou not proud.

Perid. Onely to meet thee on this bed of death,
Wherein the Title to the Engliſh Crowne,
Shall periſh with thy ſelfe.

Vig. Faire is the end
Of ſuch as die in honourable warre,
Oh far more faire, then on a bed of downe.

Mar. Warre is the ſouldiors harueſt it cuts downe.

Perid. The liues of ſuch as hinder our renowne.

Vig. Such as are apt for tumult.

Perid. Such as you,
That to our lawfull Soueraigne are vntrue.

Vig. Bluſhes not *Peridure* to braue vs ſo.

Perid. Bluſhes *Vigenius* at thy ouerthrow,
Who waſt that told me he would ſubmit.

Sicoph. Twas I my Lord.

Vig. Peace foole thou doeſt forget,
Tis not an hower ſince, to our princely eare,
Thou ſaidſt thou did deſire vs to forbeare.

Sicoph. True my good Lord.

Perid. True that I ſought to ſlay.

vig. That I would baſely my ritcht hopes betray.

Sico. I did it of mine owne head to make you friends.

Perid. Still playing of the Sicophant.

vig.

Vig. What still.
Perid. A glose *I* see to insinuate our goodwill.
Vig. That whosoeuer conquerd, he might gaine.
Perid. the fauour of vs both, that was his trayne.
Vig. *B*ut henceforth we cashiere thee from the filde.
Perid Neuer heereafter beare a souldiers shield,
A souldiers sword, nor any other grace,
*B*ut what is like thine owne, a doubble face.
sicoph. Now I beseech *Ione* heare my praier, let them bee both slaine in the battell. *Exit.*
Perid. If there be any other of his hart,
We giue them free licence to depart.
corn. Cornwell hates flattery.
Mar. So does *Martianus.*
Malg. *Malgo* is resolute for all affaires.
Morg. And so is *Morgan*, for he scornes delayes.
Vig. then where the fielde consists of such a spirit,
He that subdues conquers the Crowne by merit.
perid. thats I.
Vig. tis I.
Perid. Ryuers in blood declare it.
Vig. Grasse turne to Crimson if *vigenius* spare it.
Elid. Aire be made purple with our reaking gore.
vige. Follow my frends.
Perid. Conquer or neare giue ore.

Alarum, Excursions, periduras, and vigenius fight, and both slaine.
Enter cornwell, Martianus, Morgan, and Malgo.

Mar. this way *I* saw *vigenius* on the spur.
corn. *I periduras*, this way.
Morg. A strang fight, my Lord is breathlesse.
Malg. My deare Lord is dead.

Mar. True Brothers in ambition, and in death,
Corn. Yet we are enemies, why fight we not
With one another, for our generals losse.
Mar. To much blood already hath beene spent,
Now therefore since the difference in themselues,
Is reconsiled in eithers ouerthrow,
Let vs be as we were before this Iar,
And ioyning hands like honorable frends,
Inter their bodyes as becomes their state,
And which is rare once more to *Elidure*,
Who now in prison leades a wearied life,
With true submission offer Englands Crowne.
Of all the charges of tumultuous fate,
This is most strange three times to flow in state. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene and Sicophant.

Sico. Madam.
Queene. You are welcome, what new flatteries,
Are a coyning in the mint of that smoth face?
Sicoph. Where is the Lady *Elidor* I pray.
Q. Amongst my other waiting maides at worke.
sicoph. Tis well, yet *Madam* with your gratious leaue
I wish it better.
Queene. What in loue with her,
Canst thou affect such a deiected wretch,
Then I perceiue thy flattery is folly,
Or thout proue honest, louing one so poore.
Sico. I know not *Madam* what your highnesse gathers
Out of my troubled words, I loue you well,
And though the time should alter, as I am sure,
It is impossible, yet I would follow
All your misfortunes with a patient hart.
Queene. I haue seene too much of thee to credit thee,
Sico. Now in your height of glory vse your seruant,

Now

now *Madam*, whilst the noble *Peridure*
That loues you dearer then the Brittish Crowne,
Whilst hees conqueror, vse me to destroy
Your greatest enemy, and I will doe it.
Queene. Thou wilt not.
sicoph. Be it *Elidure* the king,
The prisoner I should say, Ide murder him,
To shew how much I loue your maiesty.
Q. Thou wouldst not poyson for me his base Queene,
Whom I so often haue triumphed ore,
That torment now is her beatitude,
And tedious vnto me.
sico. no more, shes dead.

Enter Lady Elidure.

queene. See where she comes, dispatch her presently,
For though the Princely *Peridure* be king,
His brothers death in time will make him odious
Vnto his subiects, and they may restore
Mild *Elidure* againe, and then I dye.
sico. Withdraw, shes dead, as surely as you liue.
Lady. What shall I neuer from this seruitude
Receiue releasant eternore be plagud,
With this insulting Queen? Is there no change,
no other alteration in the state
I know there is not, I am borne to be
a slaue, to one baser then slauery
sico. I will release you by a speedy death.
Lady. By death, alasse, what tongue pronounst that word?
What my Lord weather-cocke? nay then *I* see,
Death in thy mouth is but base flattery.
sico. By heauen I am sent to kill you.
Lady. By whose meanes.
sico. By one that will auouch it when tis done.
Lady. not the proud queene.

sico. Yes, but *I* am determined
in full amends for all my flattery,
to saue your life, and kill her instantly.
La. Oh if a Divell would vndertake that deed,
I card not though she heard me, *I* would say,
He were a starre more glorious then the day.
sicoph. And would you for that good deed pardon me.
Lady. And quite all former iniury.
sicoph. But let me tell your highnes by the way,
the Queene is not so hasty of your death.
Lady. no, for she had rather haue my life prolongd.
sicoph. *I* do assure your highnes on mine honor,
When I did say she sent me to destroy you,
I slaunderd her great mercy towards you,
For she had giuen me order to release you.
Lady Oh monstrous lie.
sicoph. beleeue it, for tis true:
And this moreouer, she somuch repents
Her former pride and hardnes towards you,
that she could wish it neuer had bin done.
Lady. then *I* repent me of my wrongs towards her,
And in the stead of a reward proposd
to him that should destroy her, *I* do wish,
Death be his death, that vndertakes the deed.
sicoph. but will you not forget these princelie words,
if any alteration should ensue.
Lady. not I, I in my oths am true.
sicoph. Except once more the Lords crowne *Elydure.*
Lady, though that should chance, ile hold my promise sure.
sicoph. And you too Madam.
Q. So thou muderst hir.
sico. Know that Lord *peridoras* and his
brother, are in the battell slaine, and by the nobles,
her husband Elidure raisd to the state,
setting aside all iesting, Queene beleeue it.

And

And truce with her, least she triumph againe.

Queen. For Gods sake make vs friends.

sicoph. Good Lord how strange this reconciled foes behold each other.

Lady. Sister.

Queen. Kind sister.

sicoph. Then make me your brother, say are you friends.

Both. We are.

sicoph. Then chance what can,
in this I haue prooud my selfe an honest man.

Enter Malgo.

Malgo. The king your husband, madam new releast,
Desires your presence at his Coronation.

Lady. My *Elydure* a third time to be crownd.

Mal. True Madam, and expects your company.

Lady. And you knew this before.

sicoph. No on mine honor.

Lady. Neither you Sister.

Queene. neither.

Lady. If you did
My oath is past, and what I haue lately sworne ile hold inuiolate, here all stryfe ends, thy wit has made two proude shrewes perfect friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter in state, Eladure, Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan, and all the Lords.

Corn. A third time liue our gratious soueraigne
Monarch of England, crowned by these hands.

Elid. A third time Lords, I do returne your loue,
And wish it with my soule, so heauen were pleasd,
My ambitious Brothers had not died for this,
But we haue giuen them honorable graues.

Enter Queen and Lady.

And mournd their most vntimely funerall,
My loued Queen, come seat thee by my side,
Partner in all my sorrowes and my ioyes,
And you her reconciled Sister sir,
By her in second place of maiesty,
It ioyes me that you haue outworne your pride.
Lady. Methinks my gratious husband and my King,
I neuer tooke more pleasure in my glasse,
Then I receiue in her society.
Queen. Nor I in all my state as in her loue.
Elid. My Lord of *Cornwell*, whose that whispers to you?
Or whats the newes?
Corn. My liege, he tels me heeres a great contention
betwixt two noted persons of the Land
much spoke of by all states, one *some-body*
Hath brought before your highnes and this presence,
An infamous and strange opinion'd fellow,
Cald *No-body*, they would intreat your highnes,
To heare their matters scand.
Elid. Weele sit in person on their controuersies,
Admit them *Cornwell*.
Lady. Is that strange monster tooke, somuch renowned,
In Citty, Court, and Country, for lewd prancks.
Tis well, weel heare how he can purge himselfe.

Enter some-body, bringing in No-body and his man, with Billes and staues.

Som. now sirrha we haue brought you before the king,
Wheres your hart now?
Nob. My harts in my hose, but my face was neuer ashamed to shew it selfe, yet before king or Keyser.
som. And wheres your hart sirrha?

Clowne. My harts lower then my hose, for mine it at my heel, but wherſoeuer it is, it is a true hart, and ſo is not *somb.*

som. Health to your Maieſtie, and to the Queene,
With a hart lower then this humble earth
whereon I kneele. I beg againſt this fellow,
Iuſtice my liege.

Eli. Againſt whom.

som. Againſt *No-body.*

No. My liege, his words wel ſute vnto his thoughts,
He wiſhes no man Iuſtice, being compoſd
Of all deceit, of ſubtilty and ſlight,
For mine own part, if in this royall preſence,
And before all theſe true iudiciall Lords,
I cannot with ſincerenes cleare my ſelfe,
Of all ſuggeſtions falſly coynd againſt me,
Let me be hangd vp ſunning in the ayre,
And made a ſcar-crow.

Mar. Lets heare his accuſations,
And then how well thou canſt aquit thy ſelfe.

som. Firſt, when this monſter made his reſidence
Within the country, and diſperſt his ſhape
Through euery ſhire and country of the Land,
Where plenty had before a quiet ſeat,
And the poore commons of the Land were full,
With rich abundance and ſaciety,
At his ariue, great dearths aud ſcarſity,
By ingroſing corne, and racking poore mens rents.
This makes ſo many poore and honeſt Farmers,
to ſell their leaſes, and to beg their bread,
this makes ſo many beggers in the Land.

Corn. I but what proofe or lawfull euidence
Can you bring forth, that this was done by him.

som. My Lord I traſt him, and ſo found him out,
But ſhould your Lordſhip not beleeue my proofe,
Examine all the rich and wealthy chuffes,

Whoſe

Whose full cramd Garners to the rooſes are fild,
In euery dearth who makes this ſcarſitye,
And euery man will clearely quit himſelfe,
Then conſequently, it muſt be *No-body*.
Baſe copper money is ſtampt, the mint diſgraſt,
Make ſearch who doth this, euery man cleares one,
So conſequently it muſt be *No-body*.
Beſides, whereas the nobles of the land,
And Gentlemen built goodly manner houſes,
Fit to receiue a King, and all his traine,
And there kept royall hoſpitality,
Since this inteſtine monſter *No-body*,
Dwels in theſe goodly houſes keepes no traine,
A hundred Chimnies, and not one caſt ſmoke,
And now the cauſe of theſe, mock-begger Hal,
Is this they, are dwelt in by *No-body*,
For this out of the countrey he was chaſt.

No. My royall liedge whie am I thus diſgraſt,
Ile proue that ſlandrous wretch hath this al done.

Elid. Tis good you can acquit you, ſuch abuſes,
Growe in the countrey, and vnknowne to vs:
nay then no maruell that ſo manie poore,
ſtarue in the ſtreets and beg from doore, to doore.
Then ſirha purge you from this countrey blame,
Or we will make thee the worlds publike ſhame.

Corn. now *No-body*, vvhat can you ſay to this.

Clo. My M. hath good cards, on his ſide Ile vvarant him.

No. my Lord, you knovv that ſlanders are no prooſes,
nor vvords without their preſent euidence,
If things were done, they muſt be done by *some-body*,
Elſe could they haue no being. Is corne hoorded,
some-body hords it, elſe it would be delt,
In mutuall plentie throughout all the land,
Are their rents raiſd, if *No-body* ſhould doe it,
then ſhould it be vndone. Is

Baſe

Base money stampt, and the kings letters forgd,
Some-body needes must doe it, therefore not I,
And where he sates, great houses long since built,
Lye destitute, and wast because inhabited,
By *No-body* my liedge, I answer thus,
If Some-body dwelt therein, I would giue place.
Or wold he but alow those chimnies fire,
They would cast cloudes to heauen, the Kitchin-foode
It would releeue the poore, the sellers beere,
It would make strangers drinke, but he commits
These outragies then laies the blame on me,
And for my good deeds I am made a scorne.
I onely giue the tired a refuge seat,
The vnclothd garments, and the starued meate.

Clow. How say you by this maister Some-body. I beleeue you will be found out by and by.

Corn. If this be true my liedge, as true it is,
Some-body will be found an arrant cheater,
Vnlesse he better can acquit himselfe.

Sich. Touch him with the citty, since you haue taken the foile in the Countrey.

Mar. Sirha, what can you say to this?

Someb. What should I saie my Lord, see heare complaints,
Made in the citty against *no-body*,
Aswell as in the country. See their bils,
Heeres one complaines his wife hath bin abroad,
And asking where she reuels night, by night,
She answers she hath bin with *no-body*.
Heares queanes maintained in euery suburb streete,
Aske who maintaines them, and tis *no-body*.
Watches are beaten, and Constables are scoft,
In dead of night men are made drunke in tauernes,
Girles loose their maiden heads at thirteene yeares,
Pockets pickt, and purses cut in throngs.

Queene. Inough, inough, doth *no-body* all this?

Though he hath cleard himselfe from country crimes,
He cannot scape the citty.
No. Yes dread Queene,
I must confesse these things are daily done,
For which *I* heere accuse this Some-body,
That euery where with slaunders dogs my steps,
And cunningly assumes my borrowed shape,
Women lie out, if they be tooke and found
with *somebody*, then *No-body* goes cleere,
Else the blames mine, he doth these faults vnknowne,
then slanders my chast innocence for proofe.
somebody doth maintaine a common strumpet
ith Garden-allies, and vndid himselfe.
somebody swaggered with the watch last night,
was carried to the counter.
somebody once pickt a pocket in this Play-house yard,
Was hoysted on the stage, and shamd about it.
Clow. Ha, ha, hath my maister met with you.
no. Alasse my liege, your honest No-bodie
Builds Churches in these dayes, and Hospitals,
Releeues the seuerall prisons in the Citty,
Redeemes the needy debtor from the hole,
And when this *somebody* brings infant children,
And leaues them in the night at strangers doores,
Nobody fathers them, prouides them nurses,
What should I say, your highnes loue I craue,
That am all iust.
corn. Then *somebodies* a knaue.
sicoph. If neyther citty nor countrie wil preuaile to him,
with the court ma. *somebody*, and there you will match him.
som. Then touching his abuses in the court.
corn. I marrie Nobody what say you to this,
See, heere are dangerous Libils gainst the State,
And no name to them, therefore *nobodies*.
Mar. Besides strange rumors and false buzzing tales,

Of mutinous leesings raisd by *No-body*.

Malg. False dice and Cheating brought euen to the presence. and who dares be so impudently knauish,
Vnlesse some fellow of your name and garbe.

Morg. Cards of aduantage with such cheating tricks,
Brought euen amongst the noblest of the land,
And when these cosening shifts are once discouered,
There is no cheater found saue No-body.

som. How canst thou answer these.

nobo. Euen as the rest,
Are libels cast, if *nobody* did make them,
And *no-bodies* name to them, they are no libels,
For he that sets his name to any slander,
Makes it by that no libell, this aproues
He forgd those slanderous writs to scandall me.
And for false cards, and dice, let my great slops
And his big bellied dublet both be sercht,
And see which harbors most hipocrisie.

queene. Let them both be sercht.

sico. Ile take my leaue of the presence.

Clow. nay M. *sycophant* weele haue the inside of your pockets translated to, weele see what stuffyng they haue, *Ile* take a little paines with you.

Elid. What haue you there in *nobodyes* pockets.

Corn. Here are my liedge bonds forfeit by poore men,
Which he releast out of the vsurers hands,
And canceld. Leases likewise forfeited,
By him repurchast. These peticions,
Of many poore men to preserre their sutes,
Vnto your highnesse.

Elid. Thou arte *Iust* we know,
All great mens pockets should be lined so.

queene. What bumbast beares his gorge.

Morg. False Cards, false Dice;
The kings hand countetfeit,

Bonds put in ſute to gaine the forfitures,
forgd deedes to cheate men of their ancient land,
And thouſand ſuch like traſhe.

Clo. Nay looke you heere, heares one that for his bones is pretily ſtuft. Heares fulloms and gourds: heeres tall-men & low-men. Heere trayduce ace, paſſedge comes a pace.

som. Mercy great King.

Sicoph. Mercy my Soueraigne.

Corn. My liedge you cannot to be ſeuere in puniſhing,
Thoſe monſtrous crimes, the onely ſtaine and blemiſh
To the weale-publike.

Eli. Villaines heare your doome,
Thou that haſt bin the oppreſſyon of the poore,
Shalt bee more poore then penury it ſelfe,
All that thou haſt is forfit to the Law,
For thy extortion I will haue thee branded,
Vpon the forhead with the letter F.
For Cheating whipt, for forging looſe thine eares,
Laſt for a baſing of thy Soueraignes Coyne,
And traitrous impreſſe of our kingly ſeale,
Suffer the death of traitors. Beare him hence.

som. Since I muſt needs be martird graunt me this,
That *No-body* may whip, or torture me,
Or hang me for a traitor.

Morg. Away with him.

Som. Or if needs I muſt dye a traitors death,
That *No-body* may ſee me when I dye.

Malg. Hence with the traitor.

Clo. I know by your complexion you wer ripe for the hangman, but now to this leane Gentleman.

Lady. Let me doome him, ſmoth ſpaniel, ſoothing grome
Slicke Oyly knaue, egregious paraſite,
Thou turning vane, and changing Weather-cocke,
My ſentence is thou ſhalt be naked ſtript,
And by the city beadles ſoundly whipt.

Clow.

Clow. Ile make bold to ſee the execution.

No. Well hath the King decreed, now by your highneſſe patience let *No-body* borrow a word or two of Euery-body.

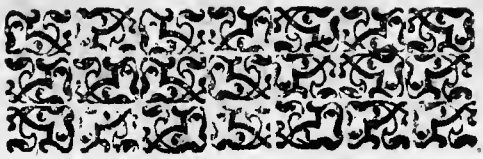
The Epilogue.

Heer if you wonder why the king *Eliduruus* beſtowes nothing on me for all my good ſeruices in his land, if the multitude ſhuld ſay he hath preferd No-body, *Some-body* or other would ſay it were not well done, for in doing good to *No-body* he ſhould but get himſelfe anil name. Therefore I will leaue my ſute to him, and turne to you. Kinde Gentleman if any-body heere diſlike No-body, then I hope Euery-body haue pleaſed you, for being offended with *no-body*, nor Any-body can finde himſelfe agrieued, Gentlemen they haue a cold ſute that haue *no-body* to ſpeak in their cauſe, and therefore blame vs not to feare, yet our comfort is this, if *no-body* haue offended you cannot blame No-body for it, or rather we will finde Some-body heareafter ſhall make good the fault that *no-body* hath done, and ſo I craue the generall grace of Euery-body.

Eli. now forward Lords, long may our glories ſtand,
Three ſundry times Crownd king of this faire land.

 Exeunt.

FINIS.



SOME-BODY

879